

A short  
**R E P R E S E N T A T I O N**

Performed before

**The Lord Generall  
MONCK.**

A T

**GOLDSMITHS-HALL,**

*Tuesday, Aprill 11th.*

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By three persons,

An English-man, a Welsh-man, and  
a Scotch-man.

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**L O N D O N ,**

Printed for *Thomas Morgan*, and are to be  
sold at the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, 1660.

Afroia  
LE PRESENTATION

Il est à l'Obé de l'ordre  
MONOM

даки-штуккото

адмиралтейство

адмиралтейство

бывший адмиралтейство

а Соболь-ману

МОНОМ

бывший адмиралтейство

## A short Representation.

# OFFICER

**H**OW now friends, whither are you crowding so fast? Pray get ye back again and wipe your floors? Who invited you I wonder? If ye are a hungry, stay till the Strips setmial forth; which will be about four or five hours hence. *Good Englishman.* Pray good man Jack hold my stuff, be good in your Office, *Sirrah,* We come to see the General; ye have as much businesse with him as the best of 'um all that has invited him hitherall Officer. Hee'l hear no petitions to day. *No*

*Englishman.* Petition, we come not to Petition, Friend, he has done our business without a Petition already.

Officer. He had much to do I warrant; when he did your businesse.

*Englishman.* Friend you need not be so Angry; we come not to defraud you of the least thing that you intend to carry home to your Wife; for her provision till the next quarter Feast. For give me leave to tell thee, we have been as good House-keepers as some of your Masters, and kept better men then thou to wipe our shooes, & now I hope we shall do for again.

*Officer.* You are sufferers then from the crimes.  
Her's one I warrant whose *Gast* has dy'd with eating

a poysoned Ratt. Her's another who's two Ducks  
and one Drake used to sleep at his beds head, and he  
has now lost all by the Maledictions of the old wirth  
his Neighbour. Her's another had but one torn  
Shirt, which was stollen by a Cyffer as it hung upon  
a Hedge a drying, one Saturday in the Afternoon.  
And as for your part Goodman Prate a pace what  
have you lost I wonder? your Dogs Leather Hedg-  
ing Gloves I warrahe, or some such precious piece of  
Treasures.

*Englishman.* The fellow would fain be witty be-  
fore the Masters of the Company. Alas! it would  
stand thee in little stead had we a mind to Retort; but  
that is not our busyness. We are come to make  
our General Merry; for making us merry. Sirrah,  
we have been at charges for a Payer, and the Fidlers,  
and therefore I tell thee we will see our General, and  
sing him a song and give him thanks for his care of  
us all.

*Welchman.* Sirrah if her will not let her see her  
sheneral, and sing her a fine song, which her ha pay'd  
her share for the making, her will preak her pusec  
posie's pate.

*Officer.* I care not for your songs, you come not  
here unless I know better who you are.

*Englishman.* Friend I am a Cheshire man, who had  
lost my tenure of a good Farm for siding with my  
Land-Lord Sir George Booth; but I now have got it  
again, thanks to our General.

*Welchman.* And her pe shentleman of Wallis,  
and her lost her creare fortune for her creat loofe to  
her creat Land-Lord Sir Thomas Middletoe; but her  
have cot it a cain. her thank her cood Sheneral.

*Scot.* In trouth noow they had gotten een aw; & aw  
for becofe Ise ha sarved my gude Loard and Maister  
the K I N G. But whare be thole muckle traitors  
noow? in trouth friend wee's come for nething else  
but to garr the Generall take notice of our loove, tell  
him for his muckle paines and care of us and of aw  
the Kingdom.

*Officer.* Well, stay there, and if the Generall will  
be troubled with your impertinencies, ile give ye  
notice.

*Englishman.* Now thou spekest like an honest fel-  
low; dust heare? if thou canst but get us in, wee'll  
give thee six pence a piece.

After a little pause the Officer returns.

*Officer.* Wel, if your Song be good, you may come  
in; but be advis'd of that; for if it ben't you'l be  
soundly soundly laught at; and for your Poet, tell  
him from me, if he come off basely, the Company will  
not give him a brass token; and so you l lose your  
Credit and he his labour.

### To the Tune of, *The Grecian Army.*

*Englishman.* No more good people, talk no more  
Of what the Champion did of yore;  
I care not a pin what stories forge  
Of Bevis or of Great St. George,  
Who Dragon did slaughter  
To get the Kings fair daughter  
For his wife;  
Which was truly  
And most duly  
The bravest thing he did in his life.

(6)

Scotchman. To the Highlanders New Rant.

Nor I se ne care at aw

For Kiuntry man St. Aundrem,  
Although he ware as gude a swerd,

As ever muckle man drew;

For though he did redum

The Ladies fair and breeght

Yet had the swains bin still

But for gude Will's Leeght.

Away then,

Stay not,

What gare's us be silent?

(Lewi,

Wee'l feast our Monk, though now it be high

Welshman.

To the Tune of, Fortune, &c.

Nor for our old St. Taffie to I care,

Who slew a mighty syrant without laughter;

Yet for th' excessive pains he tooke that tay,

Ful fast He sleeped seaven whole years after.

To the Tune of, What you please.

Englishman. But our St. George hath set us free

From a base Rumps bold slavery

Poor England now shall bleed no more;

Welshman. And Wallis sal pe as her was before.

Scotchman. The War in Scotland first did swagger,

But there first ends, Jemmy put up thy  
(dagger.)

To the Tune of, The Grecian Army (as before).

You base Excise men and Committee's

That swaggerd over Towns and City's,

(While

(While the sad Ploughmen plough'd in grief,  
And yet poor Swallows had no relief,) .

Must now go down  
And stoop to th' abused Clowns  
For like the Sun  
In his glory,  
In his story,  
*Monk* is resolv'd not to be out-don.

*Scot.* To the Tune of, *The Highlanders New Ram*  
(as before.)

A Out out away Phanaticks,  
Who ken not what yee'd have ;  
Your *Plot* be aw discover'd  
The Nation to enslave ;  
Our Cities now ne mere shall pay  
The hire of their Fetters ;  
Ne mere shall *Major Generals*  
Now rant it ore their betters ;  
For *Monk's* come,  
That *Monck*  
Whom all men prize,  
To heal up all our past Maladies.

*Welshman* To the tune of, *Fortune*.  
And now her tostet Cheeze, her eat and Sing,  
And freely drink a health unto her King :  
Ap *Thomas ap Middleton* give me thy hand  
For now our Sister *Chester's* Walls shall stand.

*Chorus.*

*Chorus.* To the Tune, *Q. Dido.*

Brave Hero, then in thy brave rage  
 Proceed, which hath rais'd up our Age,  
 To say you were from Heaven let down  
 To give the wronged Heir his Crown,  
 For well the wayes of truth you take  
 The ballance even now to make.

All our long differences bend  
 Already to a settled end  
 For which we now must all agree  
 To give the stile of just to thee.  
 Bequeathing unto, to after Story  
 The care of thy unblemish'd Glory.

### FINIS.

